

## WAR REMINISCENCES.

### JIM LANE'S WOMAN SPY.

She bore a commission from Abraham Lincoln.

In one of the apartments at the National Woman's Relief corps home, in Madison, O., lies Elizabeth W. Stiles, aged 82 years, who recently submitted to a very severe surgical operation, from which the attending physicians gave no hope that she would recover, yet there is every indication that the wonderful powers of endurance which have served her well in former years will bring the old lady through her present hardship.

When 21 years old the young woman went to Chicago, and earned her own living until 1846, when she married Jacob Stiles, and 13 years subsequent they took up their residence in Shawneetown, Kan., where they made for themselves a nice, comfortable home.

Here Mrs. Stiles realized her first sorrow by the death of her husband, who was shot down at his own gate in October, 1862, by a band of guerrillas who had dragged him from his bed to murder him before her eyes because he had sworn allegiance to the cause of the union. This took place after midnight. The rebels came dressed in the blue garb of union soldiers, 160 in the band, directed by the famous guerrilla chieftain Quantrell.

Mrs. Stiles had not yet retired, and, being deceived by the color of the uniforms, she very readily admitted the men, who compelled Mr. Stiles to get up and go out of the house. As the man's body sank to the ground with many bullet holes in it one of the assassins leveled a revolver at Mrs. Stiles, who stood horror-stricken on the porch. As he was about to shoot Quantrell stopped him with a threat to shoot him if he molested the woman. Mrs. Stiles was allowed to reenter her house and that time was not further molested, but thereafter she was subjected to so many menacing actions from those opposed to the cause of the north that she finally decided that longer residence there would be unsafe, and went to Fort Leavenworth with her adopted children under escort of a band of soldiers.

The cause of this unusual persecution was that it was known that Mrs. Stiles had done some detective work for



A SENTRY GRASPED THE BRIDLE.

"Uncle Sam," but how extensive her work in that line had been was not even surmised. Her antipathy for secessionists was greatly increased by the murder of her husband, and she vowed to devote her life to revenge. Having been on several little expeditions for the good of the union cause she had become somewhat known by army leaders, who had learned that the woman was a trustworthy ally, and had sent her name to headquarters. She had been at the fort but a short time when she received a letter from Gen. Lane, asking her to come to Washington. This letter was also signed by Abraham Lincoln.

Senator Marvin, of Missouri, and a company of about 75 others, were preparing for an early start for the capital, and Mrs. Stiles accompanied them. Upon presenting herself to Gen. Lane, she was informed that her future services were desired as a spy, and she accepted the proposition gladly. Before engaging at her new duties she returned to Leavenworth for her children, whom she took back to Washington, the tedious journey consuming several months' time. She placed two children in school in Washington, and, taking the other child, a girl of 12, with her, she reported ready for service, and was on almost constant duty thereafter until the close of the rebellion, during which time she did good work in 19 different states and Canada, the daughter, Clara, accompanying her mother on most of her expeditions.

Mrs. Stiles was personally acquainted with nearly all of the noted generals of that time, as her service brought her under their direction. She treasures among her keepsakes a letter of recommendation written and signed by Abraham Lincoln.

The brave woman faced death many times, and her coolness on such occasions, and tact and ability for meeting necessary requirements on all occasions, proved the secret of her success as a spy.

She likes to tell how she "hood-winked" a confederate general on one occasion when she was arrested and charged with being a spy. It was at Jefferson City, Mo. Her horse was taken from her and she was escorted to Gen. Price for examination, to whom she confessed to being a spy, but so well posted was she on the general state of affairs that she succeeded in making the general believe that she was a confederate spy, and she not only went free, but was given a better horse and firearms and sent on her way.

One dark night, when Mrs. Stiles and her daughter were out on a long ride on the Kansas-Missouri border, the daughter fell asleep on her horse (not an uncommon occurrence), and didn't know when a sentry grasped the bridle of her mother's horse and attempted to

arrest her. The girl was awakened by a pistol shot, and her mother was soon beside her, but there was a vacancy in the picket line.

The old lady relates with pride how she once directed the capture of a cannon, with only her husband and daughters to assist her, and secured the prize that several bands of men had tried for unsuccessfully.

An illustration of the unjust persecution which this woman was subjected to during her residence in Shawneetown is shown in the event of a holiday when she was teaching school. Together with a teacher in an adjoining district she planned to give the children a picnic, and before leaving town her scholars marched around the liberty pole in the village green, carrying the stars and stripes. They then went to the woods, not far out, where they were scarcely settled for the day's sport when a man rode up, handed Mrs. Stiles a note and departed without a word. The note informed her that if she allowed her scholars to repeat the liberty pole parade with the union flag she might expect a treat of tar and feathers. Such was the nature of the element in which she lived.

In the incidents of her travels it not infrequently became necessary for her to dress the wounds of some unlucky "bluecoat." And even amputations of a minor nature have fallen to her lot in case of emergency. The woman's mind is not at all dimmed by her fourscore years and her recollections of names and dates is something remarkable.

After the close of the war she took up her residence in Venango county, Pa., where she continued to make her home until within the past two years, when she entered the W. R. C. home.

Mrs. Stiles was never wounded and could never be induced to ask for a pension until a few weeks ago, when she made application to the government for redress for the amount of her loss when she was obliged to sacrifice everything she possessed in Shawneetown.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### THE SOUTH'S MANY COLONELS.

Possible Explanation of Their Number in an Official Statement.

For many years, indeed since the close of the civil war, it has been a standing joke among the paragoners and in variety theaters that the confederate army was composed almost wholly of staff officers, and that the number of colonels distributed throughout the south and in the states of the southwest was materially greater than the number of male adult civilians. It is certainly a fact, as all travelers attest, that there are more colonels, majors, and generals in the southern than in the northern states, and this is a fact, despite what is a matter of general knowledge, too, that the southern army was materially smaller throughout the war than the northern forces.

An explanation of the apparent anomaly has recently appeared in a statement which shows in detail that the number of southern officers was relatively larger than the number of northern officers during the civil war. The official confederate army list shows one general in chief, Robert E. Lee, and seven full generals, as follows: Cooper, Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, Smith, Bragg, and Hood. The number of lieutenant generals in the confederate army, Stonewall Jackson, Hill, Early, Buckner, Wade Hampton and Gordon among them, was 19, and there were besides 81 major generals and more than 200 brigadier generals. This was much larger than the army roll in respect of staff officers on the union side at a corresponding period. Before the establishment of the office of lieutenant general there were four major generals and 11 brigadier generals in the regular army, and 20 major generals and 150 brigadier generals in the volunteer service. There was, correspondingly, a larger number of colonels and majors in the southern than in the northern army, and the reason for this was to be found in the fact that the commands of southerners were generally smaller and more widely separated. The northern forces constituted the attacking army; the southern forces after the battle of Gettysburg were on the defensive, and much of the conflict which continued during the closing years of the strife was, so far as the southern men were engaged in it, of a desultory, guerrilla character. The services of sharpshooters, of small attacking columns, of commands organized for foraging purposes, or to cover a retreat, were in detail, and the commander of each detail took, by courtesy and under military usage, a title as high in its way as a northern commander would receive if in charge of a force perhaps eight or ten times larger. It is a well-known fact that military men having titles are as slow to surrender them and to forego their use as officeholders are to retire from the honors and emoluments of public station. The rule "once a colonel, always a colonel," still prevails in the south, and it applies in like manner to generals, majors and captains as well. A man who may have acted for a few hours, perhaps, at the head of a detachment as its colonel, though actually a corporal, has since the close of the war continued to be known as colonel.—N. Y. Sun.

A Suggestion. Willy Wilt—Ya, it's my ambition to do something great—something faw the good of the world and humanity, doncher know. Daisy DeWitt—How noble of you, Willy! Why don't you try suicide?—Up-to-Date.

His Regular Habit. Rounder—Smoking is killing you, old man. You really ought to swear off New Year's day. Rounder—Well, I think I shall—I usually do.—Odds and Ends.

—When a man makes an extravagant purchase and doesn't want his wife to know it he tells her he won the article in question at a raffle.—Arlington Globe.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

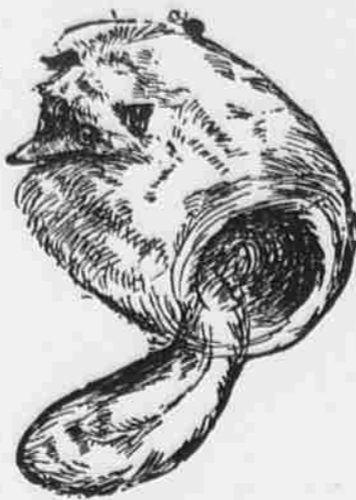
### MAKING OVER A MUFF.

How to Reconstruct One on the Most Fashionable Lines.

If you have an old, ill-shaped muff, here are directions for reconstructing it. If you follow them you will have as fine a muff as you want.

Purchase first a head and a tail. You can be either economical or extravagant here. Heads come from \$1 upward, and the same with tails. For an old muff you should suit yourself with \$1 each for head and tail, and maybe less, if you find one on a bargain day.

Take your old muff, and if it is out of shape remove the interior, ripping the



THE LATEST MUFF.

lining out as carefully as though it were of fine lace. Now take an old muff-box and sew your lining around it. Over this sew two thicknesses of stiff crinoline, then several thicknesses of other stiffening. Finally, when firm, tack your wool wadding around all. When you have brought your muff to the right size, slip the fur covering over all. Draw the muff box out and carefully fasten the lining in place.

When completed sew your head upon one side of the muff and tack the tail in one end.

### GRETCHEN EVENING DRESS.

Charming and Effective Style That Is "Full Dress" for a Little Maid of Four.

When the little maid is "kept awake" for company there are little gowns that she can wear. With the whole strength of her baby soul she revolts against white, and with the same ardor she greets changes in style and color.



Silks are far too dressy for her, but there are soft silky materials that can be substituted. Flannelette, for example, which has a silky surface and is delicate in the finer textures.

Blue and white figured flannelette is very pretty set off with a great ruffle of taffeta around the neck. Tiny rows of insertion are set in the taffeta.

### MUSKMELON MUFF.

Green and Black Shaded Silk with Tan Lace Festoons.

A muskmelon muff is one of the season's pretty things. To make it you select a heavy quality of shaded green silk that shows a touch of black in certain lights and the coarsest tan lace you can find.

Make the foundation of the muff over a small old muff box such as children's muffs come in. Use cotton wadding,



A MELON MUFF.

but not a particle of crinoline. The outside is made of the shaded silk laid in small folds. The ends are cut pointed and hemmed.

Tan lace is draped down the front and loops of it are wired so as to stand up straight above the muff.

The back may be of the same material or entirely of black. When the muff is completed give it a gentle fold with the hands to obtain for it a flat shape. Now wire the edges into which the hands slip so that the muff will keep its shape.

### More Certain.

Jack—So you knew I loved you? Ada—Yes, I have known it for some time.

Jack—Ah, what was it told you; your womanly intuition? Ada—No; your sister, Jennie.—Harlem Life.

## ABOUT BLACKHEADS.

Cure for Them Consists Entirely in Thorough Bathing.

So many letters relative to blackheads have been received during the last two months that a few words about these disagreeable disfigurements would seem especially helpful.

The skin is continually giving off a perspiration which is acid. This acid coming in contact with the oily substance thrown off by the sebaceous glands forms a substance which, if not removed by proper bathing, chokes the pores. Dust settling in these pores, blackheads are formed. The pores are enlarged, the skin becomes irritated, and inflammation results in pimples or small-sized boils. The reason these appear more frequently on the face and neck than on any other portion of the body is quite evident. Next to the hands, they are more exposed, and being washed less frequently than the hands, are more liable to retain deposits of dust.

As to the cure, it consists entirely in thorough bathing. Many persons never thoroughly wash their faces. This may seem a broad assertion, but it is nevertheless true, and a fault of which women are, as a rule, more often guilty than their less particular but more sensible brothers, husbands and fathers. The reason appears to be the dread women have of ruining their skins by the use of soap. Now soap is absolutely essential for properly cleansing the face, and should be used at least once every 24 hours. When soap is used, warm water is better, providing, of course, that the face is thoroughly washed afterwards with cold water to counteract the relaxing effect of the warm water on the skin. Of course, where persons are very much exposed to dust the face should be washed with soap more than once, care always being taken to thoroughly rinse off the soap. This is one point to be remembered. It is the improper rinsing of the face and not the use of soap that injures the skin. In instances where blackheads have already formed and appear hard to remove by the use of soap and warm water, it is well to supplement a soft flesh brush. This should be used on the



### THE TABLES TURNED.

Three little girls in a row, oh, oh! Three little girls in a row: And one saucy face is hidden by curls: And one in her hand her sunbonnet twirls: And all are wee, saucy midgits of girls— Three little girls in a row.

Three little boys near by, oh, my! Three mischievous boys, my eye! And one cried "Bah!" with a terrible shout: And two cried "Boo!" as they all rushed out.

And put those three little girls to rout With their strange and startling cry.

"Boo hoo!" cried the girls, in alarm: "boo hoo!"

"Oh! what shall we do, we do?" "Te he!" cried the boys, as they ran; "te he!"

Such fun as this you never did see: And they danced and they shouted and laughed in glee, And made a great hullabaloo.

"Oh, ho!" cried three mammas with switches: "oh, ho!" There's mischief afoot, we know: And they captured those boys in the wink of an eye.

And out of their jackets they made the dust fly.

And, merciful me, how those urchins did cry!

Such a sorrowful time, oh, ho! —Arthur J. Burdick, in Chicago Record.

### AN INTELLECTUAL DOG.

He Can Spell Several Words and Knows Many Playing Cards.

Bob is a small, well-bred fox terrier, who, besides being an excellent ratter, is distinguished for his intellectual accomplishments. He can spell several words of three letters, including his own name. A word is called out and he picks out the letters as they are repeated to him; or, if he happens to be in good form and keen on his lesson, it is only necessary to say the word, and he puts his foot on each letter in its order. He also "does Lady Jane Grey"—i. e., has his head cut off and then dies—makes a bow, knows ace of spades, king of hearts and ten



SALUTING THE QUEEN.

of clubs, the horse, the elephant and the tiger, a napoleon and five-franc piece, red, white and blue; and when he is asked: "What color is Bob?" puts his foot upon white. He reads the newspaper with his spectacles on and does a number of small tricks, such as shutting the door, jumping over hands and catching a ball. At this last achievement he is very adept and, indeed, as good as any dog of his size.

Bob sits up and salutes of his own accord when he wants anything and his most taking trick is considered to be saluting the queen's photograph and the union jack, for he is a British dog. He is not very fond of spelling and will sometimes, in hopes of getting off it, do another trick instead. What he really loves to do is to hunt for small bits of hard toast hidden under the carpet or the rug, which he always finds at once. He recognizes pictures of birds and cats, and once sat up and pointed at a very fine etching of a lyre bird and golden pheasant on a drawing-room wall. He is afraid of nothing and was on one occasion wild to attack a great bear in a cage. He is a traveled dog and understands French and German as well as English. As a wind-up the following anecdote shows that he has a kind heart. On arriving with his mistress at a country house he was introduced to a terrier who always lived in the stable yard and was never allowed to come into the house. When Bob had partaken of his own afternoon tea he suddenly disappeared from the drawing-room, but speedily returned, wagging his tail and looking behind him to encourage the dog from the stables, whom he had been to fetch, in order that he, too, might have a share in some of the good things. It was, however, misplaced kindness, as the unfortunate terrier who had been led into temptation soon discovered.

### Hindoo First Steps in English.

A native has been caught at Calcutta scaling the wall of the premises into the compound of No. 2, Chowringhi, dressed in a complete suit of European clothes. The man had, the previous evening, concealed himself inside a shop, and had employed himself till morning in fitting himself with a complete suit of clothes, including a white shirt, with studs and links, a red tie, carefully put on, black socks, a pair of boots, a watch and chain, handkerchief, and even a pocket knife, with a straw hat and stick. He went the length of writing his name inside the hat. On being caught he said he wanted to learn English, and as a preliminary step thought it best to dress himself in sahib's clothes.—Bombay (India) Advocate.

### Willie's Heroism.

Mamma—How did you get your clothes so badly torn?

Willie—Tryin' t' keep a little boy from being licked.

Mamma—That was a brave deed. Who was the boy?

Willie—Me.—Up-to-Date.

## CUTTING UP BOTTLES.

Three Ways in Which Boys Can Make Glass Tumblers.

Bert Wallace has a whole row of colored glass tumblers which he had made himself. He didn't blow them, nor mold them, according to the best known methods of glass making—he simply cut them down from old bottles, and they made very useful and serviceable tumblers, too.

Bert didn't own a diamond glass point nor a steel glass wheel and so he cut the bottles with a clay pipe stem. Seems odd, doesn't it? But any boy who wants to cut glass—and where is the boy who doesn't?—can do it without the least difficulty.

Bert learned that if a piece of glass or a bottle contains ever so small a crack, it can be cut into any desired shape by leading the crack along with some red-hot object, such as a heated

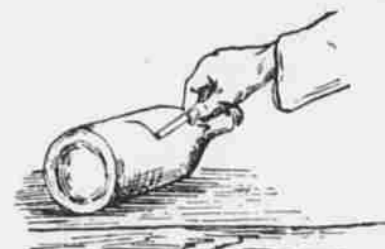


CUTTING GLASS WITH SHEARS.

clay pipe stem or a bit of hot wire. Having this knowledge, Bert readily applied it. He started a crack in a green mineral water bottle by heating it in the blaze of a gas jet, and then dropping a little water on the heated spot. Sometimes the heating alone will form the crack. When the cold water touches the hot glass a little star is usually formed, with many cracks reaching out from it. This star is formed at some distance away from the place where the real cutting is to be done. For instance, if Bert is making a tumbler from the bottom of an old bottle he starts the crack near the shoulder at the top. Then he pastes a strip of paper or snaps a rubber band around the bottle to show exactly where he wishes to cut it off. Then he heats the end of the pipe stem in a gas or coal flame until it is very hot. Carefully he presses the end against the glass near one of the cracks, as shown in the picture. At once the crack leaps out and follows, and Bert leads it around as much as he wishes. When the stem cools off he heats it up again.

When the bottle is cut off to tumbler size the rough edges are smoothed down with a fine file or on a grindstone, and Bert has a fine new tumbler.

Besides this, a bottle may be cut into all manner of odd shapes—spirals

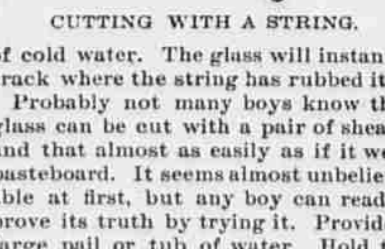


CUTTING WITH A PIPE STEM.

bracelets and lenses—with the pipe stem. Any boy can become expert at it with very little practice. A pane of glass may be cut in a similar way.

There is another and older method of cutting a bottle in two with a string which may be tried when a pipe stem is not at hand. Hunters and backwoods-men often use it with great success, although it is not as sure and practical as the pipe-stem method.

Two boys are necessary to do the work. Take a very stout piece of hand-woven string and give it a single turn around the bottle. Each boy should take hold of the string with one hand and the bottle with the other. See-saw the string rapidly back and forth, being careful that it rubs the glass always in one place. Continue this until the friction of the string has made the glass hot where it has rubbed and then plunge the bottle suddenly into a pail



CUTTING WITH A STRING.

of cold water. The glass will instantly crack where the string has rubbed it.

Probably not many boys know that glass can be cut with a pair of shears, and that almost as easily as if it were pasteboard. It seems almost unbelievable at first, but any boy can readily prove its truth by trying it. Provide a large pail or tub of water. Hold the pane of glass under the water with one hand and cut it with the shears held in the other hand. The pressure of the water prevents the glass from cracking. It is not possible to cut straight through a piece of glass, as you would through a piece of paper. It must be trimmed around the edges, where the glass will crumble off easily and rapidly.

You can thus cut a square pane of glass to fit a round or oval frame, or you can trim down a large piece of glass to fit a smaller frame. It is a simple method, but it will often be found very useful. Try it.—Chicago Record.

### The Crafty Hawk.

On wash days, when the family laundry has a forenoon out, the hen hawk will make himself up to look like a lean pillow which has been slept upon, and will hang himself by his claws to a fence cap on the top of a stake and wait for hens all day right under the eyes of the women folks, who sometimes go out and shake him up to learn if he isn't most dry.

### Long Bottled Bacteria.

A German professor reports he has found living bacteria in wine which had been bottled 26 or 30 years.